

Love A-la-Mode,

A

1507/646

C O M E D Y.

O F

T W O A C T S.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN COVENT GARDEN.

BY MR. MACKLIN.

Liberius si

Dixerit quid, si forte jocosus, hoc mihi Juris

Cum Venia dabis.

Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR, MDCCLXXXII.



Sir *Theodore Goodchild.*

Sir *Archy Macfarcaism*, a Scotsman.

Sir *Calloghan O'Brallaghan*, an Irishman.

Mordecai, an English Jew.

Squire Groom, a Newmarket Jockey.

Charlotte, Niece to Sir *Theodore Goodchild.*

A Lawyer and Servant.

SCENE, Sir *Theodore Goodchild's House* in London.

A C T I.

Enter Sir Theodore Goodchild and Charlotte.

Sir T. **W**HAT will the world say of me, but that I was a very prudent man?

Char. The world! The world will applaud you, especially when they know what sort of lovers they are, and that the sole motive of their affection is the Lady's fortune. No poor girl sure was ever plagued with such a brood as I am—The first upon my list is a high-minded North British Knight, who sets up for a wit, a man of learning and sentiment: He bears himself fair while you are present, but abuses the whole world when their backs are turned; and withal, has so high a notion of the dignity of his family, that he would, no doubt, think he laid me under a great obligation, in honouring me with his hand.—The second is a downright idiot, a fluttering, frivolous thing, well known in most public places by the name of Beau *Mordecai*, an English Jew,—The next in Cupid's train is your nephew, whose Irish voice and military aspect make me fancy that he was not only born in a siege, but that *Bellona* alone could be his nurse, Mars his Preceptor, and the camp the academy, where he received the first rudiments of his education.

Sir T. My dear *Charlotte*! you should not be so severe upon my nephew, what can you expect from a mere rough-hewn soldier, who must needs go from his friends a volunteer, and has lived these several years within the circuit of a camp; so that I don't believe he has six ideas distinct from his profession.

Char. Let me see, his name is—

Sir T. Sir *Calloghan O'Brallaghan.*

Char. Sir *Calloghan O'Brallaghan*! It is enough to choak me—If I have him, I must have an Irish interpreter to make me understand what he says.

Sir T. Well, I must go and see about your suit; the coach waits—They all dine here, I think?

Char. All but Squire Groom, and he is to ride a match, which I suppose no charms could persuade him to be absent from.

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Sir T. Well, make yourself what sport you please with them—I shall certainly be back to dinner—Good morning to you, my dear. [*Exit Sir T.*]
Mord. [*Without.*] Sir Theodore, your servant—Is Miss Charlotte this y?

Sir T. She is, Sir—Good morning to you.

Mord. You'll dine with us, Sir Theodore?

Sir T. Certainly.

Enter Mordecai singing.

Mord. Thus let me pay my softest adoration, and thus, and thus, and thus, [Kissing her hand.] in amorous transports breathe my last.

Char. Not so fast, Mr. Mordecai; you are very gallant, Sir, and I protest, I never saw you better dressed.

Mord. It is well enough, madam, just as my taylor fancies: Do you like it?

Char. Oh! it is quite elegant; but, if I mistake not, you are so remarkable for a taste in dress, that you are known all over the city, by the name of the Change-alley Beau.

Mord. They do distinguish me by that title, but I declare I have not the vanity to think I deserve it.

Char. Oh, Mr. Mordecai, well remembered! I heard of your amour at the Opera with miss Sprightly.

Mord. Dear madam, how can you be so severe? That the lady has designs, I stedfastly believe; but as for me—But pray, madam, who told you so?

Char. Sir Archy Macfarcaism.

Mord. Oh, what a creature you have named! the very abstract of filth and nastiness! He takes such a quantity of Scots snuff, that he smells worse than a tallow-chandler's shop in the Dog-days—There is not one word of truth in five that he says; and he utters his similies with all the gravity imaginable, after the moderate allowance of four bottles of port, three ounces of Scots snuff, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Char. What a character has he drawn of the knight!

Mord. Why, madam, I vow to Gad, he is the daily sport of every coffee-house in town; all his own countrymen of any character constantly avoid him, and—Oh, the devil! here he comes.

Sir A. [*Without.*] Sawney, bid Donald bring the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

Enter Sir Archy Macfarcaism.

Mord. My dear knight, I am sincerely glad to see you, and have the honour, at all times and upon all occasions, to be your most obedient humble servant.

Sir A. What, my child of circumcision, how do you do, my bonny GirsalHITE? Gi'e us a wag o' your luf, lad. Why, ye're as diligent in the service o' your mistress as in the service o' your looking-glass; for your een or your thoughts are ay turn't upo' the ane or the ither.

Mord. And your wit, I find, Sir Archy, like a courtier's tongue, will always retain its usual politeness.

Char. Civil and witty on both sides!—Sir Archy, your servant.

Sir A. Ten thousand pardons, madam—I did not observe you; I hope I see your ladyship weel.—Ah! madam, you luik like a Deeveenity. I see friend Mordecai is determined to bear awa' the prize frae us a'; he's trickt out in a' the colours o' the rainbow.

Char. Mr. Mordecai is always well drefs'd, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Upon my word he's as fine as a jay.—Step along, man, turn round, and let us see your fine shape. Ah, he stands vera weli, vera weel indeed! What's this in his hat? A feather! vera elegant, vera elegant protest. I never saw a tooth-drawer better drest a' my life.

Mord. Upon my word I am your most humble servant, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Weel, Mordecai, ye ha' been whispering your love-sick tale to the lady's lug, do ye ken that she is inclinable to your passion?

Mord. From the conversation I have had with her, I begin to think that my figure and address have made an impression upon her.

Sir A. Vera weel, that's right, that's right—I mun ken that your ladyship has been entertain'd vera weel by my friend Mordecai, before I brook in upon you; he's a guide ane at a tale, when the stocks is at ae end and the lottery at the ither, ha, ha, ha! but ye maun ken that I ha' news for you that canna fail to gi' muckle sport.

Char. What is it pray, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Why, ye maun ken that in my way to your ladyship's mansion I pickt up my bonny Hibernian—as fine—upon my honour, as fine a little Mordecai here.

Char. But you have not left him behind you? I expected him here ere this.

Sir A. Left him! ye maun ken that I ha' brought him wi' me; for I'm like the monarchs of auld, I never travel without my Fuil; he is as good as a comedy or farce—But he has made a jargon, which he stiles a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte, as he calls you, madam; he's now altering it, and ye maun expeck sic an epistle, as has na been penn'd since the days of Don Quixote. You have heard him sing it, Mordecai?

Mord. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it. Egad! we have had him just now, madam, at a tavern, and made him give it us in an Irish howl, that might be heard from here to West Chester.

Sir A. Why, Mordecai, you have a deevilish deal of wit, man; aye, that's what ye hae.

Mord. Your most obedient, Sir Archy: I am afraid you flatter me; but I must be going.—Madam, I kiss your hand.

Char. You are not going to leave us, Mr. Mordecai?

Mord. Only to have a slice of Sir Callaghan before dinner by way of a whet, that's all, madam, only by way of a whet.

Sir A. Not a word of the sonnet, man?

Mord. Never fear, Sir Archy, never fear.

[Exit Mord.]

Sir A. What a fantastical baboon this little Israelite makes of himself!

Char. He is very entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir A. The fallow's vera ridiculous, and therefore vera usefu' in society, for wharever he gangs there maun be laughter: But now, madam, a word or twa to our ain matters.—Madam, I love you, and gin I didna, I wad scorn to say it:—concerning these creatures who call themselves your lovers, there are three of them about your ladyship's person, as unfit for you as a wandering Arab; and whase sentiments are as wide o' true felicity as the north and south poles: reptiles and beggars, wha can boast of naething, but a knowlege of sic things as wad mak 'um be kend by a' judicious fock, e'en as the outcasts o' the world. And first this Mordecai, to be sure the fellow's wealthy; yes he's wealthy—but then a reptile, madam, he's a reptile! whase common-place notions are o' nae farther extent than

Change-alley, or the coffee-houses, and whose only ideas are *cent. per cent.*, schemes, stocks, annuities, and south sea bubbles.

Char. Ay, Sir Archy! you are above such groveling thoughts.—Your ambition is to adorn your mind.

Sir A. Then madam, as to Squire Groom: to be sure he's a great sportsman, but he's a beggar—a beggar! and nae doubt but your fortune would be very acceptable: 'twould enable him to redeem his stead o' horses, put him on his legs again, and according till his ain phrase, he would be bottom, madam, he would be bottom; but in a few years, madam, your whole fortune, the wife scraping of your ancestors, would be wantonly squandered away upon cock-fighting, horse-racing, grooms, jockeys, and sic-like spendthrift amusements: and your ladyship not ha' a blanket left to cover you. Then, as to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fellow's well enough to laugh at; but ye maun luik about you there, for your guardian is his uncle, and to my certain knowledge, there is a design upon your fortune in that quarter: depend upon it, there is a design upon your fortune.

Char. I believe indeed, a lady's fortune is the principal object of every lover.

Sir A. I grant ye, madam, wi' Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Squire Groom, and sic-like fallows; but men of honour have ither principles: I assure you, madam, 'tis not for the pecuniary, but for the divine graces o' your mind, and the mental perfections of your soul and body, which are more to me than all the riches of Peru and Mexico.

Char. O Sir Archy!

Sir A. Besides, madam, gin ye marry me, ye will marry a man of sobriety and æconomy. It is true, I am not in the hey-day of my blood, yet far from the vale of years, as the poet says. I am not like the young whippers of this age, who are a' spirits at the first onset, but gang aff like a squib, or a cracker on a rejoicing night, and are never heard o' mair. The young men, now-a-days, are mere baubles, absolute baubles.

Char. Now, I think old men, Sir Archy, are but baubles.

Sir A. Besides, madam, consider the dignity and antiquity of our family: madam, in our family there are three viscounts, four barons, six earls, seven marquisses, and twa dukes: The families of the south are no to be compared to families o' the north.—There is as muckle difference as between a hound of blood and a mongrel.

Char. And why so, Sir?

Sir A. I'll tell you madam—the nobility of Scotland are a' descended frae renowned warriors, and heroes of glorious atchievements, wha disdain'd to mak alliances, or contaminate their bluid wi' ony that war na as great as their ain.—But here in the south, ye o' the south, ye are a' sprung frae naething in the world but wool packs, hop sacks, sugar kists, tar barrels, and rum puncheons.

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir A. What gars you laugh, madam?

Char. The opinion you have of our nobility.

Sir A. Guide troth, madam, its true: a' we families of the north are of another kidney quite: we disdain a mixture o' bluid that is na as pure as our ain; whereas ye are a strange amphibious breed, being a composition of Turks, Jews, Nabobs and Refugees.

Char. We are indeed a strange mixture, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Vera true, vera true;—my family is a family of rank and conse-

quence; which, if ye marry into, will purify your bluid and refine it frae the lees and draps of trade, with which it is contaminated, which your money cannot do for you, war it as muckle as the bank of Edinbro'.

Enter Mordecai.

Mord. Sir Archy, he is just without, he is coming.

Sir Callaghan O' Brallaghan. [*Without.*] Is the lady this way do you say, young man?

Serv. She is Sir.

Sir C. Then I'll trouble you with no farther ceremony. [*Enters.*] Madam, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Char. I am very sorry to hear we shall soon be depriv'd of your company, Sir Callaghan. I thought the war in Germany had been all over.

Sir C. Yes, madam, it was all over, but it began again—A soldier never lives in quiet, till he has nothing do, then he quits the field with more safety.

Sir A. The lady was just saying, she would be glad if you would favour her with a slight narrative of what happen'd in Germany.

Sir C. Pray, madam, don't ax me;—I am afraid it would look like gaseonading in me; and I will assure you there is no such thing in nature, as giving a description of a fiery battle; for there is so much done every where, that no body knows what is done any where. Then, there is such drumming and trumpeting, and such delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it, than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir A. It's a very guid account he gi'es o't. [*Aside to Mordecai.*] Let us smoke him, and see if we can get a little fun with him.—Try if he will give you some account of the battle.

Mord. Pray, Sir Callaghan, how many might you kill in any one battle you have been at?

Sir C. [*Starting.*] I'll tell you—I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would chuse to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat. Are you answer'd, Mr. Mordecai?

Sir A. You was devilish sharp upon him, faith.

Mord. Wasn't I?

Sir A. Yes—but have another cut at him.—The Israelite will bring himself intil a damn'd scrape here. [*Aside.*]

Mord. Sir Callaghan, give me leave to tell you, if I was a general—

Sir C. A general! Upon my soul, and you would make a fine general—Oh! madam, look upon the general. Mr. Mordecai, do not look upon being a general as so light a matter. It is a very difficult trade to learn to be able to rejoice, with danger on the one side and death on the other, and a great many more things, that you know no more of, than I do of being High Priest to a synagogue; so hold your tongue, my dear Mr. Mordecai, about that, and go mind your *cent. per cent.* and your lottery tickets in Change-alley.

Sir A. Ha, ha! by the Lord, he has tickl'd up the Israelite; he has given it to the Moabite on baith sides o' the head. [*Aside.*]

Char. But you have been frequently in danger, Sir?

Sir C. Danger, madam, is the soldier's profession; and death his best reward.

Mord. A bull, a bull!—Pray how do you make that out? You say death is the soldier's best reward.

Sir C. I'll tell you how—A general dead in the field of battle is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cesar or Alexander, or

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any dead heroe of them all : and when the history of America comes to be written, there is your brave young general Wolfe, that died in the battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Char. True, Sir Callaghan, the actions of that day will be remembered while Britain or British gratitude have a name.

Sir A. Wha was it did the business at Quebec ? Oh ! the Highlanders bore the bell that day. Had you but seen them with their Andrewferratas, how they cut them, and slash'd them about : they did the business, and gain't immortal fame upon the spot.

Sir C. Sir Archy, give me your hand : I assure you, your countrymen are brave soldiers ; and so are mine too.

Char. I think I hear Sir Theodore's coach stop.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Sir Theodore waits for you, and dinner is almost ready.

Mord. Madam, will you honour me with the tip of your wedding finger ?—Adieu, Sir Callaghan, Sir Archy, your servant.—Adieu, Sir Callaghan.

[Exit Char. and Mord.]

Sir C. A very impudent fellow this Mr. Mordecai ! if I had not been for the lady, I would have been a little upon the caveat with him.

Sir A. Because the rascal has been let into our company at Bath, he intrudes upon you wherever you go.—But have you written the letter to the lady ?

Sir C. Faith I have not ! for I thought it would not be right to make my addresses to the lady, till I had made my affections known to her guardian ; so I have indited the letter to him.

Sir A. That's right, that's right ; for so as ye do but write, it matters not to whom.—But where is it ?

Sir C. Here it is.

Sir A. I warrant it's a bonny epistle.

Sir C. *[Reads.]* Sir, as I have the honour to bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theodore Goodchild Uncle, I do not think it would be consistent for a man of honour to behave like a scoundrel.—

Sir A. That's an excellent remark, an excellent remark, and vera new !

Sir C. *[Reads.]* Therefore I thought proper before I proceeded any further, (for I have done nothing as yet) to open my mind to you before I gain the affections of the Lady. You see, Sir Archy, I was for carrying on my approaches like a soldier a la militaire, as we say abroad. *[Reads.]* You are sensible my family is as old as any in the three Kingdoms, and older too ; I shall therefore come to the point at once. You see I have given him a little rub by way of a hint about our family, because Sir Theodore is a bit of a relation by the mother's side only, which is a little up-start family that came in with one Strongbow t'other day, not above six or seven hundred years ago : Now my father's family are all related to the O'Strickesses, the O'Cannakans, the O'Callaghans, and I myself am an O'Brallaghan, which is the oldest of them all.

Sir A. Yes, sir, I believe ye're of a vera ancient family, but ye're out in ae point.

Sir C. What's that, Sir Archy ?

Sir A. Why sir, where ye said, ye was as auld as ony family in three kingdoms.

Sir C. Why then I said no more than is true, Sir Archy.

Sir A. Hoot awa man, ye dinna consider the families o' the north—Ye of Hibernia are as low as the bushy bramble, and tuik refuge frae a'

corners in that wild spat whar ye live, penn'd up like a set o' outcasts, and as such you remain until this hour.

Sir C. I beg your pardon, sir Archy—that's the *Scots* account, which never speaks truth, because it is partial—but the *Irish* account, which must be true, because it is written by one of my own family, says, the *Scots* are all *Irishmen's* bastards.

Sir A. Bastards,—what do ye make us illegitimate—illegitimate, sir?

Sir C. Why, little Terence Flaherty O'Brallaghan was the man who went over from Carrickfergus, and peopled all *Scotland* with his own hands.

Sir A. *Sir Calloghan*, though your ignorance and vanity would mak ravishers of your ancestors, and harlots and fabines of our mothers, yet ye shall find in me—

Sir C. Hark ye, sir Archy, what was that you said just now about ignorance and vanity?

Sir A. Sir, I denounce you baith ignorant and vain, and mak your maist o'd.

Sir C. Faith! I can make nothing at all of it, because they are not words that a gentleman is used to; therefore you must unsay them again.

Sir A. How sir, eat my words, a North Briton eat his words!

Sir C. By my soul you must, and that immediately.

Sir A. You shall eat a piece of my weapon first, sir, [*Draws.*]

Sir C. Put up for shame, sir Archy: consider drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and should be done in private.

Sir A. Defend yourself—For, by the sacred cross of St. Andrew, I'll have satisfaction for making us illegitimate.

Sir C. Now, by the cross of St. Patrick, you are a very foolish man; but, if you have a mind for a little of that game, come away to the right spot.

Sir A. No equivocation, Sir, dinna think you have gotten beaw Mor-decai to cope with.

Sir C. Come on then for the honour of the sword—Oh! you are as welcome as the flowers in May. [*They fight.*]

Enter Charlotte.

Char. For heaven's sake, what's the matter? what is all this about?

Sir C. It is about Sir Archy's great grand-mother, madam.

Char. Sir Archy's great grand-mother!

Sir A. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a hale nation, and I canna thole it.

Sir C. I am sure if I did it, it was more than I intended: it was only to prove the antiquity of my family.

Char. Pray, let me make peace between you.

Sir A. Sir, as ye say ye didna intend the affront, I am satisfied.

Sir C. Sir Archy, there are two things I am always afraid of; the one is of being affronted myself, and the other of affronting any man.

Char. A very generous disposition, Sir Calloghan—but I hope this affair is over.

Sir A. I am satisfied, madam; but let me tell you, Sir Calloghan, as a friend, as a friend, man, you should never enter into disputes about history, literature, or antiquity of families, for you have got such a cursed wicked jargon upon your tongue—

Sir C. Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir Archy,—'tis you have got such a damn'd twist of Scots brogue, that you don't understand good English when I speak it.

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Sir A. Vera weel, vera weel,—but you are out again; for every body cens that I speak the sooth country dialect sae weel, that wherever I gang am always taken for an Englishman—but we'll appeal to the Lady which us twa has the brogue.

Sir C. With all my heart.—Pray, madam, have I the brogue?

Char. No Sir.

Sir C. I am sure I never could perceive it.

Char. Neither have a brogue, you both speak very good English—But me, gentlemen, dinner waits.

Sir C. We'll follow you, madam.

Char. Pray don't be long.

[Exit Char.]

Sir A. Weel now, dinna gi'e o'er the design of the letter.

Sir C. Sir Archy, never fear me, for as the old song goes,

*You never did bear,
Of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle.
In love or in battle.
We're always on duty,
And ready for beauty;
Tho' cannons do rattle.
Tho' cannons do rattle.*

*By day and by night
We love and we fight.
We're honour's defenders,
We're honour's defenders.
The foe and the fair,
We always take care
To make them surrender,
To make them surrender.*

[Exeunt.]

The End of the second ACT.

A C T H.

Enter Sir Archy Macfarcaism and Charlotte.

Sir A. **W**AUNS, madam! step intil us for a few minutes; you will crack your sides with laughing—We ha'e gotten anither Fuil come to divert us unexpectedly, which I think the highest Fuil that the age has produced.

Char. Who is it you mean, Sir Archy?

Sir A. Squire Groom, madam, the finest you ever beheld; in little boots half up his leg, a-cap, his jockey-dress, and a' his pontificalibus, just as he made his match yesterday at York. Antiquity in a' its records of Greek and Roman folly never produced a senator visiting his mistress in so comeliat a fool's garb.

Char. This is some new stroke of humour.

Enter Mordecai.

Mord. Ha! ha! I shall burst:—I have left the Irishman and Squire Groom at a challenge.

Char. I hope not.

Sir A. Ha! ha! that is guid, that is guid: I thought it would come to this, ha! ha! that's clear!—we sa' ha'e ane o' them pink'd.

Mord. O madam! the challenge need not terrify you: 'tis only in half pints of claret to your ladyship's health.

Char. Lord! Mr. Mordecai, how can you startle one so?

Sir A. I am very sorry for that: Guid troth! I was in hopes they had mind to show their prowess before the lady their mistress, or that we should ha'e a little Irish or Newmarket bluid spilt. But what was the cause of the challenge, Mordecai?

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Mord. Why, their passion for this lady—till the dispute rising high they determined to decide it in a cascade of claret.

Char. Oh, I'm afraid they will kill themselves?

Sir A. Never fear, madam, noughts never in danger.

Mord. Look, look, the champanion comes.

Enter Squire Groom.

Groom. Hoics, hoics!—hark forward my little princess! foreward, foreward! hoics!—Heaugh, madam, I beg a million of pardons for not being with you at dinner; it was not my fault, 'pon honour—I sat up all night, and propos'd to set out betimes; but about eleven o'clock last night, at York—we were all damn'd jolly, and to's'd off six flasks of Burgundy a-piece. But that booby, Sir Roger Bumper, borrow'd my stop watch to set his by it.—Here it is, look at it, madam, it corrects the sun; they all go by it, madam, at Newmarket; and so, madam, as I was telling you—the drunken blockhead put mine back two hours o' purpose to deceive me, otherwise it was fifty to one, I could have been here to a second.

Char. Pray, Sir, what is the meaning of this extraordinary dress?

Groom. Not a peer in England could have one more tasty, the true turf taste:—You must know, madam, I rode my match in this very dress yesterday, and Jack Buck, Roger Bumper, Frank Fudge, and a few more of them, laid me a hundred each, that I would not ride to London, and visit you in it, ha! ha! but I've taken them all in damme; ha! ha'n't I, madam?

Char. Pray, what time do you take to ride from York to London?

Groom. Ha! time, madam—why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirty-two seconds, sometimes three or four seconds under, that is, to the Stones, not to my own house.

Sir A. No, no, not till your ain house, that would be too much.

Groom. No, no, only to the Stones end; but then I have my own hacks, that are all steel to the bottom—all blood-stickers and lappers every inch of them, my dear, that will come through if they have but one leg out of the four. I never keep any thing, madam, that is not bottom—Game, to the last! Game, ay, ay! you'll find every thing that belongs to me game!

Sir A. Weel said, Squire Groom! Yes, yes, he is game to the bottom, he is game, madam.—There, walk about man, and shew us your shapes; what a fine figure, and has sae guid an understanding, that it's a pity he ever should do any thing but ride horse-races.—What a fuil! don't you think he is a curf'd ideot?

[*Aside to Mord.*]

Mord. Well enough for a country Squire.

Groom. Well, madam, which of us must be the happy man? You know I love you, madam—you know I do: May I never cross Jostle, if I don't.

Char. Oh, Sir, I see your passion in your eyes.

Sir A. Weel, but Squire, you ha' gi'en us no account how your match went.

Char. What was your match, Sir?

Groom. Our subscription and our sweepstakes.—There are seven of us, madam, Jack Buck, Lord Brainless, Rob Rattle—You know Bob, madam?—Bob's a damn'd honest fellow—Sir Harry Idle, Dick Riot, Sir Roger Bumper, and myself. We put in five hundred pounds a-piece, all to ride ourselves, and to carry my weight—all to carry my weight: The odds at starting were seven to four against me the field round; and the field, ten, fifteen, and twenty to one: For you must know, madam, they thought they had me at a dead wind; for the thing I was to ride was

let down in the back sinews, ha! ha! do you mind me, let down in his exercise?

Sir A. Ah! that was unlucky.

Groom. Damn'd unlucky! but that my groom had him gired, and he good sound, was in fine condition, sleek as your ladyship's skin: We started off score, by Jupiter, and for the first half-mile you might have cover'd us all with your under petticoat. I saw, I had them in hand, but your friend Bob, madam, ha! ha! I shall never forget it: Poor Bob's gelding took the rest, flew out of the course, and run over two attorneys, a quack doctor, a methodist parson, an exciseman, and a little beau, madam, that you used to laugh at so immoderately at Bath—a little dirty thing with a chocolate coloured phiz, just like Mordecai.

Sir A. There he had the little Gircashite upon the hip.

Groom. The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, and were damnably disappointed when they found he had only broke the leg o' the one, and the back of the other.

Cbar. Well, Sir, pray inform us who won the subscription?

Groom. It lay between me and Dick Riot, madam; we were neck and heels for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground, and running every inch, but at the first I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pull'd up—pretended to dig;—but Fudge,—Frank Fudge gave the signal to Tom Ticklepurse to lay it on thick: I had the whip hand all the way—lay with my nose in the neck under the wind thus, snug—snug, my dear—had him quite in hand—while Riot was digging and lapping right and left, but it would not do, my dear, against foot and bottom and head.—I let go, darted by him like an arrow—so within a hundred yards of the distance post poor Dick was blown to destruction, knocked up as stiff as a turnpike, and I left to canter in by myself, madam, and I twitch'd them all round, grip'd the gamblers, broke the blacklegs—for I took all the odds before starting, split me! ha! was'nt I right, old Shadrach? ha! took all the odds, took all the odds, old dirt colour? [To Mord.]

Sir A. Ha! ha! well, 'tis wonderful to think at what a pitch of excellency our nobility are arrived at in the art of sporting. I believe we excel a' the nobility of Europe in that science, especially in Jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll start a horse, fight a man, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match or fox chase, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast with any nobleman in the kingdom for a thousand each, and I say done first, damme.

Sir A. Ha! ha! the Squire's the keenest sportsman in a' Europe, madam. There is naething comes amiss to him, madam—he is a perfect Nimrod, he hunts a' things frae the flae in the blanket, to the elephant in the forest—he is at a' a perfect Nimrod—are you not, Squire?

Groom. Yes—I am a Nimrod at all, at any thing. Why I ran a snail with his Grace the other day for five hundred pounds—there was nothing in it—won it hollow, quite hollow!—half a horn's length.

Sir A. Half a horn's length! ah, that was hollow indeed.

Groom. Was it not hollow!

Sir A. Oh, devilish hollow indeed, Squire Groom!—But where is Sir Theodore a' this time?

Groom. Oh! he's with Sir Callaghan, joking him about drinking bumpers with me and his passion for you, madam.

Sir A. You maun ken, gentlemen, this lady and I have laid a scheme

to ha'e a little sport wi' Sir Callaghan : If ye will a' step behin' the screen, I'll gang and fetch him, and you shall hear him mak love as fierce as Alexander, or ony heroe in tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir A. Then, madam, do you retire and come in till him, as if you came for the purpose—I'll fetch him in an instant.

Char. I will be ready, Sir Archy.

[*Exit Char.*]

Sir A. Get you behin', gentlemen—get you behin'.

[*Exit Sir Arch.*]

Groom. Ay, ay, we'll squat—never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love!—I shall be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love.—What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? Do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Mord. Hush, hush, Squire! they are come.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Sir Archy and Sir Callaghan.

Sir A. Speak bawldly, man, ye ken the auld proverb—*Faint heart—*

Sir C. Oh, that's true!—*never won fair Lady.* But you shall see, I will soon bring it to an eclaireissement.

Sir A. Oh, that's right, man, stick to that. She will be wi' you in a twinkling. I wish you guid success.

[*Exit.*]

Sir C. I will follow my friend Sir Archy's advice, and attack the dear creature with vigour at once.—Upon my conscience, she's here in the midst of my soliloquy.

Enter Charlotte.

Char. Sir Callaghan, your's—I beg your pardon, I expected to find the other gentlemen here.

Sir C. Dear lady, your pardon you easily command; and as I am at war with the force of your charms, and mean to attack you instantly, will beg a truce before I come to action.

Sir A. He begins vera weel—he has got intil the heart of the battle already.

Char. But I am told, Sir Callaghan, you dedicate some part of your time to the Muses, may I intreat the favour of a song.

Sir C. Why, madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing one of the Muses, in the shape of a song, and I hope you'll excuse my putting your name to it.

Char. Upon condition that you will let me hear it.

Sir C. Oh! dear madam, don't ask me, it's a very foolish song—a mere bagatelle.

Char. Oh! Sir Callaghan, I will admit of no excuse.

Sir C. Well, madam, since you desire it, you shall have it, were it ten times worse—tol de rol, lol—I don't know when I shall come at the right side of my voice, tol, rol.

Sir A. Ha! ha! now for it—You shall hear sic a fang as has na been penn'd sin' the days they first clipt the wings o' the wild Irish.

Char. Dear Sir, I am quite impatient.

Sir C. Now, madam, I'll tell you before hand, you must not expect fine singing from me as you hear at the Opera, because we Irishmen are not cut out for it like the Italians. [Sings.]

*Let other men sing of their Goddesses bright,
Who darken the day and enlighten the night;
I sing of a woman of such flesh and blood,
One touch of her finger would do your heart good.*

*Ten times in a day to her chamber I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struch dumb.
For Cupid he seizes my soul with surprize,
And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.
Her little Dog Pompey's my rival I see,
She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me:
Then pray, my dear Charlotte, debase not your charms,
But instead of your lapdog take me to your arms.*

Sir A. Come now, the fang's o'er, let us steal awa.'

Groom. He's a damn'd droll fellow: Instead of your lapdog take me to your arms, ha! ha! ha!

Sir A. Hush, softly! dianna let him hear us steal aff.—He's an excellent coll fellow, as guid as a farce or a comedy—a deevilish comical cheel!

[*Exeunt Sir A. Mord. and Groom.*]

Char. But, Sir Callaghan, I fear no lady can boast of allurements, sufficient to make you quit the army.

Sir C. Why, madam, when in my very early years, my good king was my Friend in distress, and now he's at war, and wants my assistance, I could be a poltroon to leave him.

Char. Why then, Sir Callaghan, your servant, War is your mistress, and to her charms I resign you. [Exit Char.]

Sir C. Upon my conscience I feel very foolish—Oh, but I will make a general attack, give the *coup de main*, raise the siege, set off for Germany to-morrow morning,—tell her my passion, and take my leave without saying a word.

Enter Sir Archy and Mordecai.

Mord. Why, Sir Archy, from what I can at present perceive, by the dejected looks of Sir Theodore, the lady herself, and in short the behaviour of the whole family, certainly something wrong in their affairs has just appened.

Sir A. Your conjectures are very right. Mr. Mordecai—'tis a' over with him—he's an undone beggar, and sae is the girl.

Mord. Sir, you astonish me.

Sir A. 'Tis an unexpected business, but it's a fact, I assure you. Here is himself, poor devil, how wae he looks!

Enter Sir Theodore, and a Lawyer.

Sir T. This unexpected blow from abroad affects me indeed: What, my friend to fail me in whom I placed such an implicit faith! Not only to venture my own, but unfortunately my dear girl's fortune. Her misfortune touch me more than my own; however, I will endeavour to bear this shock as well as I can, collect my spirits, and break this affair to my poor Charlotte.

[Exit Sir Theodore and Lawyer.]

Mord. Fore gad, this is surprising! Sir Archy, what has occasioned all this?

Sir A. Faith, Mordecai, I dinna ken the particulars: but it seems by the words of Sir Theodore himself, a rich merchant in Holland his partner, and he—the guardian over this lady, are both bankrupts; and as the lawyer there without confirms have fail'd for above an hundred thousand pounds more than they can answer.

Mord. And how does that affect the young lady?

Sir A. Why, Sir, the greatest part of her fortune it seems was in trade with Sir Theodore—besides the suit in Chancery for above forty thousand

has been determined against her this very day, so that they are a' undone.

Mord. You surprize me, Sir Archy, I thought the forty thousand was prov'd clearly in her favour.

Sir A. O ye dinna ken the law; the law is a sort of Hocus Pocus, that smiles in your face although it pick your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it. Here they come, and seemingly in great affliction.

Enter Sir Theodore and Charlotte.

Char. My dear guardian and parent, let me call you, for indeed such you have ever been, give not yourself up to grief on my account.

Sir T. It is only on your account that I can be miserable, and yet for you there is a beam of hope: I think we can with safety rely upon the honour and integrity of Sir Archibald Macfarcaism, who will marry and snatch you from all misfortunes.

Sir A. Gin ye rely upon me, ye rely upon a broken staff; ye may as well rely upon the philosopher's stone. What? would you marry me to make me a mender of broken citizen's fortunes; but I'll speak to them and end the dispute at once.—I am concern'd to see you in this disorder, Sir Theodore.

Char. Oh! Sir Archy, if all the vows you ever profess'd and so lavishly bestow'd, were real, I am sure this change of fortune will make no alteration in your sentiments of honour. Now let the truth be seen.

Sir A. Madam, I am sorry to be the messenger o' ill news, but a' our connections is at an end. Our house has heard o' my connections wi' you and I have had letters frae six Dukes, five Marquisses, four Earls, three Barons, and other dignitaries o' the family, remonstrating, nay expressly prohibiting my contaminating the blood of the Macfarcaisms wi' any thing sprung frae a hoghead or a compting house. I assure you, Madam, my passion for you is vera strong, but I canna bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Char. There is no truth, no virtue in man.

Sir A. Guid troth, nor in woman neither that has nae fortune! Here's Mordecai, a wandering Israelite, a vagabond Hebrew, that's a vera casualty, sprung frae annuities, bulls, bears and lottery tickets, and can hae nae family objections—he is passionately fond o' you, and till this off-spring of accident and Mammon I resign my interest in ye.

Mord. I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, I beg your pardon, marriage is a thing I have not thoroughly consider'd, and I must take some time before I can determine upon so inextricable a subject, and I assure you, Madam, my affairs at present are not in a matrimonial posture.

Char. I despise both them and you.

Enter Squire Groom.

Groom. Hoicks, hilli ho, ho!—why what's the matter here? what are we all at fault? Is this true, Sir Theodore? Zounds, I hear that you are the silly both run o' wrong side the post.

Sir T. Squire this is no time to joke and trifle, or to attempt to disguise our feelings on so serious and affecting a stroke. However, Sir, this is a charming girl, whose virtues deserve a noble fortune, but the loss of it will surely make no abatement in your affections.

Groom. Harkye, Sir Theodore, I always make a match agreeable to the speed or age of my cattle, or the weight my things can carry. When offer'd to match her give and take, the silly was neither piper nor blink.

LOVE ALAMODE.

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chest bound nor spavin'd; but I hear now her wind's touch'd; if so I could not back her for a shilling. I'll take her into my stead, if you will—she has a fine forehead—she moves her pasterns well, gets on a good pace, a deal of fashion and some blood, and will do well enough to breed of; but I won't keep her in training though, for she can't carry weight enough to come thro'—Matrimony, Sir, is a curst long course, devilish heavy and sharp turnings; it won't do—she can't come thro'—no, damme, she can't come thro'!

Sir A. I think, Squire, ye judge right in my thoughts—the best thing a Lady can do, is to snap at the Irishman.

Mord. Well observed, Sir Archy.

Groom. Ay, ay, Archy has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well—any hound I ever follow'd.

Sir A. He's sic a luiver as a lady in her circumstances could wish.

Char. Thou wretch, whose sentiments of honour are still more despicable than your sentiments of love! though I am to fortune lost, my mind shall never be guilty of principles of baseness.

Mord. Hush, hush! he's here.

Enter Sir Callaghan.

Sir A. What, my guid friend, Sir Callaghan, I kiss your hand. I have been speaking to the lady in your behalf wi' a' the eloquence I ha'—she is enamour'd of your person, and ye are just come in the nick o' time to receive her heart and hand.

Sir C. 'Pon my conscience, Sir Archy, I should be prouder to receive that Lady's hand than a general's staff, or the greatest honour the army could bestow upon me.

Sir A. 'Twould be a devilish lucky match for her.—The fellow has a guid fortune, is a great blockhead, and loves her vehemently—three excellent qualities!—Come, come, madam, true love is impatient and dispenses ceremony—gi'e him your hand at anes.

Char. No sir, I cannot impose myself upon Sir Callaghan as unworthy of his esteem, and destitute of friends and fortune.

Sir C. What means all this?

Sir T. Why nephew, this lady here, my unfortunate ward, this morning was possess'd of a legacy, as we thought, fit to make happy the first of families, but by my ill conduct and want of care, her fortune which I had ventur'd in trade is lost abroad, and the law suit lost at home.—Therefore her virtue, not fortune, must now be the object of your affections.

Sir C. I assure you, sir Theodore, I rejoice at her distress—for when she was rich I approach'd her with fear and trembling, because I was not her equal: But now she is poor and has nobody to defend her, I feel something warm about my heart, that tells me I love her better than when I thought she was rich; and if my life and fortune will be of any service to her, she shall command them for ever and ever.

Char. Generous man!

Sir T. And will you take her for life?

Sir C. Ay! and for death too, which is a great deal longer than life you know.

Sir T. Then take her, sir, and with her an ample fortune—my bankruptcy was entirely feign'd—it was only to try the sincerity of these gentlemen who call themselves lovers.

Mord. How's this?

Groom. A bellish cross flung upon us by heavens—distan'd to damnation.

Sir A. Gently, gently, whisht—he's only taking him in—the bubble's bit.

Sir T. Why do you now pause, dear nephew? It was only a scheme to try the mean, the mercenary, illiberal arts of those who are a disgrace to mankind, their country and themselves.

Sir C. Why this is something like what those little Jackanapes about town call humbugging a man.—First, she has no fortune, then she has a fortune, and then she has no fortune again.

Sir T. What I now tell you is a sacred truth. Take her, sir; and with her an heart worthy your acceptance—take her as a reward for your disinterested affection.

Sir C. Take her!—the devil take me if I don't.

Char. And I yield to your proposal with unfeigned pleasure.

Sir C. By the glory of a soldier, I had rather be at her foot than at the head of a regiment—and now she's mine by all the rules of war, I have a right to lay her under contribution, for her kisses are lawful plunder, [*Kisses her.*] O ye are a little tight creature!—'Pon honour, her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why the knowing ones are all taken in here—stripp'd and double distanc'd. Zounds, the filly has run a crimp upon us.

Mord. Damn it, she has jilted us most confoundedly.

Sir A. By the cross of St. Andrew, I'll be revenged.—I ken a lad of an honourable family, wha understands the ancient classics in a' perfection—He is now composing a comedy, and he shall insinuate baith their characters intil it.

Mord. And I'll write a lampoon, where she shall have an intrigue with a life-guards-man, a grenadier, and an opera singer.

Groom. I have a hedge yet. I can't write, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll poison her parrot, kill her monkey, and cut off her squirrel's tail, damme.

Sir C. Harkye, gentlemen, I hope you'll ask my leave for all this. If you offer to write any of your nonsensicals, or if you offer to touch a hair of the parrot's head, or a feather of the monkey's tail, or a hair of any thing belonging to this lady, I'll be after making a few remarks upon your bodies. Look ye, I have an excellent pen by my side that is a good critic, and writes a legible hand upon impertinent authors.

Sir A. Hoot awa', hoot awa', man, dinna talk in that idle manner, sir. Our swords are as sharp and as responsible as the swords of ither men; but this is nae time for sic matters; ye ha'e got the Lady, and we ha'e got the willow. I am only sorry for the little Girgashite, beau Mordecai, for he has bespoke the nuptial chariot and a' his liveries; and my friend Squire Groom, I fear is quite lock'd in wi' the turf;—and guid troth I am sorry for the Lady, for she has lost being match'd into the great house of the Macfarcafms, which is the greatest loss of a'.

Sir C. This is something like the catastrophe of a stage play, where Knaves and fools are disappointed.

Sir T. And an honest man rewarded.

F I

